Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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TAKING A DRIVER'S LICENSE.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

WHAT HAPPENED TO QUEEN AUGUSTINA VICTORIA, THE BRIDE OF KING MANOEL.

Strange Interruption to the Royal Honeymoon.

A tremendous amount of interest has been aroused by the inauspicious honeymoon of Portugal's young ex-King and his German bride, and all sorts of wild speculations are being indulged in as to the nature of the lady's illness, and its cause. Amongst the wild statements made—in fact boomed!—in the Press are, that the couple have agreed to part; that King Manoel is returning to his new home at Fulwell Park alone; and that in future Queen Augusta will reside permanently with her parents in Sigmaringen. To every one of these statements we are enabled to give a complete denial.

We *could* relate exactly what happened after the wedding, but that would perhaps be prying too deeply into the secrets of the bridal chamber. Suffice is to say that Her Majesty was a very simple-minded girl in regard to the marital state. Of that there can be no question. Also it need scarcely be hinted that King Manoel was not quite so childlike. Anyhow, the Queen was much upset by the wedding.

* * *

The Cause of the Trouble.

Eight days later Her Majesty was found to be indisposed, and a Munich physician was called in. He ascertained that Queen Augusta was suffering from a rare condition known as *Defloration Nephritis*, which is a form of inflammation of the kidneys.

It may be added that *Defloration Nephritis* is a condition which occasionally follows upon the excitement of a wedding, and it is one which is soon followed by recovery, when the cause of the trouble is absent. At the moment of writing Queen Augusta is convalescent, after the operation which has been performed, and it is by no means certain that she will put off her visit to England for one hour. We are authoritatively informed that there is no intention on her part to return to Sigmaringen, unless her illness does not make its normal progress of recovery, and everything at Fulwell Park is being prepared for the reception of the Royal couple as if nothing had happened to mar the entire felicity of the honeymoon. King Manoel is gentleness personified; and is in hourly attendance upon his charming bride.

* * *

Why the Royal Pair went to Munich for the Honeymoon.

We are also able to state the reason for His Majesty's preference for Munich as the scene of his early life as a Benedick. Munich has always been the centre of Portuguese plots for King Manoel's repatriation upon the throne of Portugal. This is owing to the active sympathy Bavarian Royalties, who are closely related to King M house. One of the Munich princesses is the D Duchess Maria Josepha of Braganza, the widow of Archduke Charles Theodore of Bavaria. This lad tremely rich, and though she has children, one of w the present Queen of the Belgians, she has declar all her wealth shall go to the restoration of her famil throne of her ancestors. She was, of course, an In Portugal, and she has been extremely gracious to th King, and has given him those facilities for plottin were denied him in London, after the discovery of t running which took place simultaneously on the Ty Thames nearly three years ago. At the present mome Manoel is being made a great deal of by his relat Munich, and is nightly to be seen at the opera with th princes in the Bavarian capital.

* * *

A Ducal Family of Sinecurists.

The Duke of Grafton is selling the whole of his amptonshire property, and the fact suggests the que how much of these estates once belonged to the Cro should be so owned to-day. The ducal FitzRoys ex in a high degree the virtues and advantages of a her aristocracy, for they have been among the most vo of sinecurists and pensioners, having taken a portion every department of the public revenue (excepting the and assessed taxes), the customs, the excise, the Crown and the small hereditary revenues of the Crown, hav been laid under contribution for the benefit of Henr Roy, son of Charles II. by the notorious Barbara V Duchess of Cleveland, and his descendants. Remem all this the Grafton motto, "Et decus et pretium i.e., "The ornament and reward of virute," seems a

The third duke, great-grandfather of the present yea and worthy head of this offshoot of the house of Stu Hereditary Ranger of Whittlebury Forest claimed to the office in fee simple, and as he was able to make g preposterous claim to the extent of preventing the G ment cutting timber for the Navy, there is little doub much forest land was alienated at the same time and priated by his Grace. The Duke asserted that in the of the Rangership made by his "ancestor," Charles I property of the timber was vested in the Ranger, and t this was not the case, as a special clause reserved the for the use of the Crown, not only did the authorities g but an unfortunate surveyor, who had begun to cut for the Navy in the forest under a warrant from Londo ruined at the ducal Ranger's instigation.

* * *

The "Distinguished" Founder of the Family.

This Duke of Grafton would seem from the referen him in "Burke's" classic pages to have been an ofna of his time, for he was a K.G. and filled several high of State, but he is a forebear of whom the ducal famil little reason to be proud. He was the nobleman "Junius" so unmercifully chastises, not more for his conduct than for his private vices, both of which the fa letter-writer, whose identity is yet a mystery, says tinguished this Duke from all other men. He neve right even by mistake, and after having passed throu course of the most startling political profligacy and ness, which rendered the Throne contemptible and in every subject of the Empire, died in 1811.

The ducal property in Suffolk, the Euston estate, w retained. Euston Hall, near Thetford, was partly des by fire some years ago, but the house has been rebuilt a comfortable and roomy without any pretensions to a tectural beauty. The estate is said to be nearly forty t in circuit, and includes Fakenham Wood, the larges Suffolk. The Duke has lived principally at Wakefield L near Stony Stratford, but as this is being sold with the of the Northamptonshire property, it is expected that Eu will become his chief abode.

The Euston estate belonged to Lord Arlington, a mem of the notorious "Cabal," whose daughter and heiress, Isabella Bennett, was married when only five and remar seven years later, to the first Duke of Grafton, the h somest of Charles II.'s sons. And speaking of marria reminds us that the most important matrimonial event September was the wedding of Viscount Ipswich, the e of Grafton's grandson and second heir, to Miss Au Brougham, only child of Major and Mrs. Brougham, Potters Pury House, Northants, and Woodland H Broughton-in-Furness.

A VACUUM.

Chollie: "It's very strange, but somehow I can't carry a single air in my head."
Smart Girl: "It is strange. There's room enough for a whole opera."

ion of Husband's Affec-

Clarence Mackay, the Ameri-
aire's wife, who has been
£200,000 by Mrs. J. A.
the alleged alienation of
band's affection, is well known
untry. Some years ago she
ed deal in London, and Mr.
a son of the "Silver King"
ew still maintains a mag-
use in Carlton House Ter-
ch, however, she seldom
more than once rented a
ting for the Highland sea-
Mackay is one of the best
rse-flesh in America, and
ed the great Kentucky
farm, once run by the late
Whitney, whose son, Mr.
Whitney, about this
his costly flying visit from
for a few days' grouse
the North of England.
Mackay is very pretty, with
esting face, thoughtful,
eyes, and a smile of rare
and hardly the sort of
ople would imagine guilty
rge brought against her.
little for society, reads
has written a book, and
interest in educational
The Mackay wealth is
ulous, and she owns some
jewels that include ropes
uncut emeralds of great
some weird barbaric orna-
m thousands of years ago
ptian princess. Mrs Mackay
Duet, and as a girl was
to the Duchess of Marl-
She was then very much
New York, and indeed is

* * *

Rhodes's Connection
London.

been written about Cecil
Mr. Gordon Le Sueur's
Colossus" is by no means
but it is not well
that the family was intimately associated
generations with Dalston and Haggerston,
much property there. A large portion was, how-
by Cecil Rhodes's great-grandfather, but we
family or representatives are still interested in
stern suburb, where in the eighteenth century a
e from Cheshire and established himself as a

ered, and the business was carried on to great
by his son and grandsons. In the time of the
rm had the highest repute, and was perhaps the
ant in the brickmaking trade of the Metropolis.
ers made a good deal of money which they in-
building land at Dalston and Haggerston, then little
rural villages. Houses were built, and a hand-
pency being assured there was a dissolution of
to facilitate which the Dalston property was sold.
erston estate was retained, and the brickmaking
ntinued by those members of the family who did

desses seem to have been thrifty, unambitious
ent with their station in life—that of prosperous
and owners of residential property. They
ikened to the yeoman class, and in every respect
s himself was an excellent type of the yeoman,
alas, fast disappearing.

* * *

al Wedding.

erous writers who have found a source of copy
coming wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught
Duchess of Fife have been wide of the mark in
ects. But this is not entirely their fault, for it
ntatively stated that precedent would be followed, and with this hint to act upon it was easy to look up the report of a royal wedding and note the procedure. But there are, it seems, to be several innovations, and if Princess Mary should be a bridesmaid, as it is confidently stated she will, it will be contrary to etiquette and precedent. Though the wedding is fixed for noon, women are to wear full evening dress without trains; no feathers are to be worn, nor veils. Jewelled hair ornaments and tiaras will be allowed, but the ladies' heads must not be covered—a most unusual thing.

* * *

The Octogenarian Prince and the ex-Marchioness.

The "Disappearing Royalty" trick has been evidenced again during the past month, Princess Christian having gone off to the Continent on a little trip incog., leaving her aged Prince to enjoy himself as best he could. And Prince Christian, in spite of his eighty-odd years, knows how to do *that*! For the best part of a month Prince Christian has been at Harrogate, whence he went to stay with those joyous youngsters, the Laycocks, at Wiseton Hall, for the Doncaster week. It was good of the old Prince to honour Mrs. Laycock, for Royalty is not very forgiving as a rule. But Prince Christian has known Mrs. Laycock since the old days at Easthampstead Park, when she and Lord Downshire wrangled as a rule once a day—sometimes oftener. The then Marchioness of Downshire was a fond mother but a flighty wife, and Lord Downshire pretended he "didn't care!" It was a rotten state of things, and might have lasted till now, if Captain Laycock hadn't come along, and made both himself and two other people happy. Lady Downshire has never regretted her elopement with Captain Laycock, and she had at least one keen friend and sympathiser amongst the Royalties—the gallant old Prince who has just been visiting her at Wiseton.

Royal Mourning Over at Last.

As for Princess Christian, no one knows where she has been all these weeks. Some say at Vichy, some at Evian, and some with her sister, the Duchess of Argyll, on the Riviera. The Duke's wife got away from Scotland just in time to escape the folk at Balmoral, but she is now back at Roseneath. By the way, the big folk are out of mourning at last. Ever since the death of the Duke of Fife, a year and nine months ago, the Royalties have been in mourning for one or another of their relations, the last of whom were Queen Alexandra's brothers, the King of Denmark and the assassinated King of the Hellenes. Now the crêpe is removed; and let us hope no more Royalties will die till after the Connaught-Fife wedding!

* * *

Should Bill Sykes Visit Eastbourne!

If the Queen of Greece has brought all her state jewels with her there is likely to be another "Eastbourne sensation," unless Her Majesty's jewel-case is well guarded. For the Hellenic queen is the fortunate possesor of the finest collection of pearls in the world. She has positively yards of pearls of almost priceless value. Besides a dog collar made of six rows of large and very choice pearls, she has seven *ropes* of pearls, all of which she wears round her neck, extending to the waist, at the same time. All the gems are of unusual size, and their value runs into many hundreds of thousands of pounds, if not into millions. The next finest collection of pearls is owned by Queen Alexandra's youngest sister, the Duchess of Cumberland. They are known to be worth over £200,000, and they are pearls with a remarkable history, for they have been the subjects of several unpleasant quarrels between the Royalties. They were claimed as state jewels by Queen Victoria (whose uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, went over to Hanover to reign there when the Queen's accession made it necessary for an English Prince to go to Germany as King of Hanover, owing to the operation of the Salic Law), but it was eventually proved that the Cumberland pearls were originally brought over to England by the first King George, who was, of course, Elector in Hanover, and that, as they had originally belonged to Hanover, they were in their right place now that another King of Hanover had got them.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

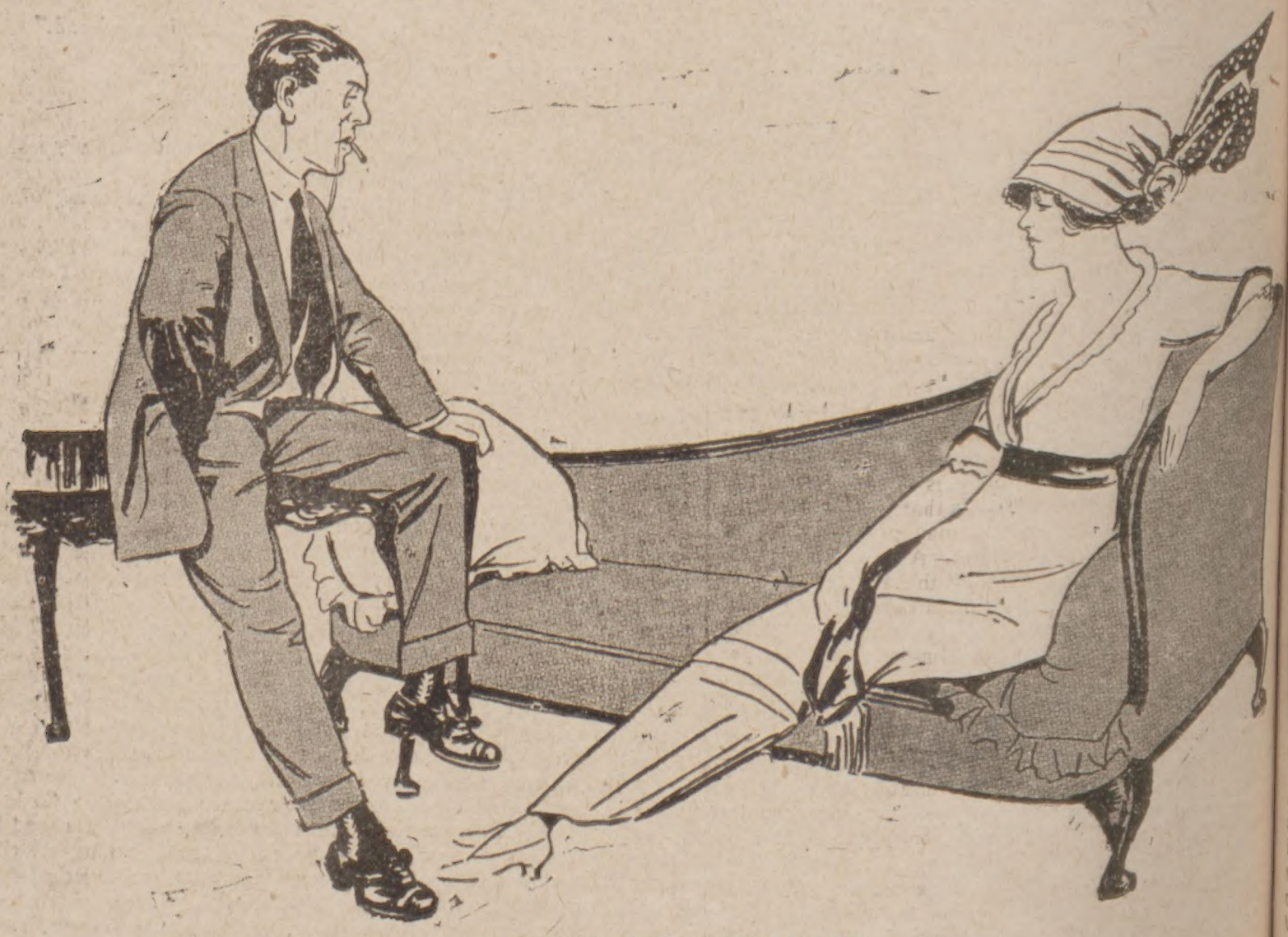
The "Hero" of the Pearls on the Stage.

It is not in the least surprising that the Parisian public, typified by the patrons of one of the leading music-halls there, refused to have anything to do with Mr. Quadratstein, the informer in the necklace case, who, by-the-bye, is still, we believe, in a state of uncertainty as to whether or not he will receive the promised award. It is, of course, no counsel of perfection to advise managers of such places to engage only "turns" which have some artistic merit. Human nature being what it is brains will always have to play second fiddle to notoriety, and the halls, of course, will always engage the people who can draw the crowd. We have a case in point with Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who, though undoubtedly clever, is not, artistically speaking, worth more than a fraction of the £500 a week she receives from the Palace Theatre. There are scores of Parisian actresses with far more talent who would find it difficult to get an engagement at one-tenth the money. But then the fair Gaby is paid not for what she does or can do, but for what she is reported to have done or been. With Quadratstein the matter is on a far lower plane. Merely because of his connection with a notorious case—the sort of connection which can command the admiration of nobody whatever—he has evidently persuaded himself that he is a public hero. Moreover, he has presumably managed to hypnotise a music-hall manager into the same belief, and it has required an emphatic expression of opinion, strikingly reinforced by volleys of eggs and tomatoes, to show that the public has no use whatever for stage heroes of this type. We trust the episode will convey a useful lesson to the managers of these places of entertainment.

* * *

The Game of Politics.

We always endeavour to regard the political arena with a detached eye (if detached eyes are capable of regarding anything), but we cannot refrain from expressing our amazement with the attitude of the Tory Press towards the alleged Cabinet meeting on the Isle of Arran. The innocent meeting of a few holiday-making Ministers at the home of the Chief Whip has been magnified almost into a crime. We



WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

He: "Still living at the old address, Mrs. Browne?"
She; "Yes. But since I've become a widow I've been looking for another flat."

DEER STALKING.

on earth shouldn't they hold a little palaver on political affairs if they happen to meet—by design or accident? How could they help it, in fact? We are aware, of course, that the frenzied shrieks that a Cabinet meeting was toward have their origin in the irritation of Unionists at the studied ministerial calm towards the Carson-Ulster Circus. Sir Edward is trying to make their blood run cold, and the whole Opposition Press is anxiously watching for the first symptoms that his efforts are taking effect. The whole business is seeming with humour to the cynical observer, who becomes more than ever persuaded that politics is nothing but a game of bluff, in which there is little to choose between the two parties. The only fear is that the bigoted Orangemen of King Carson's Ulster Army may possibly take the matter more seriously than their leaders. Anything may be expected from people who could swallow the lawyer-King's gracious message of congratulation to his faithful troops. To sensible loyal men of any political party such ridiculous assumption of Royalty's privileges absolutely "puts the lid on."

* * *

The Municipal Theatre.

It is sadly to be feared that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was thrashing a dead horse in his appeal, at a meeting of the Sheffield Playgoer's Society, to municipalities for support to the theatre—"some cautious, well-considered, and experimental support as a wise and probably profitable investment of national and municipal money," to use his own words. With his eloquent appeal to the mayors and municipal authorities of our large cities to "recognise the theatre as a necessary and inevitable institution in our civic life, as an institution that all reputable citizens should encourage and support," because such recognition would raise the standard of theatrical art, we have every sympathy. But it is quite useless to expect subsidies from the fates. The average ratepayer finds the municipal imposts a terrible burden as it is. He has to contribute towards the education of other people's children, he has to help to feed and maintain the poor, he has to pay for libraries which he seldom uses himself, for baths and washhouses which he never visits, for the maintenance of roads which are destroyed by other people's vehicles and for many other things which he firmly believes do not benefit him one iota. It will be the last straw if he is asked to pay for other people's amusements—and when all is said and done there are many thousands of worthy people who never visit a theatre from one year's end to another. We imagine that the town councillor who put the subsidizing of theatres into his programme would receive very short shrift from the electors, and that many generations will go down into the grave before the municipal theatre comes within the region of practical politics.

* * *

The Moral of Pegoud.

There has been a tremendous amount of cant in the newspapers concerning M. Pegoud's wonderful exploits at Brooklands, and of course *The Times* chipped in with its little lot, in the form of a warning against the "distinct danger" of flying exhibitions of this kind being "wrongly exploited for purposes of mere spectacular display." There was much more about the morbid tastes of people who rush to see any spectacle that involves danger to life and limb, and this aspect has provided a text for many other journals, not omitting the *Daily News*, of course. Well, perhaps people *are* blasé and jaded nowadays and require something specially exciting to titillate their senses. But we consider it is a distinct injustice both to M. Pegoud and to M. Bleriot to regard the marvellous performances at Brooklands as doing little more than providing an afternoon or two of thrills for a crowd of neurotic spectators. There must

be pioneers in the art of aviation. If they work steadily and retiredly, as the late Colonel Cody did, they fail to secure adequate recognition of their labours, and a public which will spend golden sovereigns to see a sensational flight can scarcely be persuaded to part with a shilling or two for the support of the widows they have left behind them. The fact is that flying is an exceedingly expensive game, and it is only by exploiting the public love of excitement that funds can be secured by those who are pursuing useful researches into the science. Putting this point of view on one side we do really believe that M. Bleriot, with M. Pegoud's aid, has clearly demonstrated that his latest machine is a distinct step in advance. The thrilling exhibitions, carried out with such apparent ease and certainty, seem to mark that interesting stage when machine and man become, as it were, incorporated. Hitherto an airman has, broadly speaking, been content to sit still and trust to mechanical devices to control or direct his machine. M. Pegoud has shown that not only the wings and tail of the mechanical bird, but also the body is an essential factor. Put in other words and somewhat paradoxically, we imagine that the pilot has hitherto been little more than "dead weight" in his machine, whereas M. Pegoud, in his evolutions, is "live weight"—a distinction which will be readily enough grasped by racing men, or even by cyclists. But we had better leave the matter to the experts, as we seem to be getting out of our depth.

* * *

Health in the Low-Cut Gown.

We do not know that the dicta of the medical profession, nor the pungent criticisms of feminine attire which loom so largely in Press and Pulpit nowadays, have the slightest effect upon the fashion devotee, but in view of the fact that an intimation has been forthcoming from that mysterious source whence the latest modes emanate, ordaining that evening gowns are to be cut lower than ever this winter, it is not uninteresting to note that such fashionable undress has sound medical authority to back it up. In his new edition of "Health and Common Sense" Dr. Woods Hutchinson maintains that the exposure of the arms and chest (a mild way of putting it) in the wearing of the conventional dress is, physically speaking, beneficial rather than injurious. He is all for freedom in clothing, and seems to believe that the necessity (or desirability) of possessing a well-shaped neck, bust and arms for display purposes actually produces the supply of these commodities. If women were clad up to the chin, apparently, they wouldn't mind being scraggy, and scraggy accordingly they would be. We recommend followers of the fashion—whether in lo than-ever evening frocks, in V-shaped openings, or in side slash—to buy a copy of Dr. Hutchinson's book. It provide them with some very strong arguments to confo the smug critics who shriek so loudly about the immora of present-day dress.

* * *

The Ideal Sex Novel.

By a happy coincidence a puff preliminary of the Ad tising Exhibition, under the headlines "How to Adver Experts to teach the Gentle Art at Holland Park," accompanied in the same issue of the *Evening News* Monday by a delightful contribution to the library ban t by Mr. Joseph Keating, one of our minor novelists. A always like to give originality in advertising its reward hasten to add to the boom which Mr. Keating is see for his forthcoming novel, "The Perfect Wife." Mr. K ing develops the thesis that sex novels are sinfully dull he sympathises with the readers who are reputed to be gone on strike against them because of the utter absence humour in such stories He contends that this is due to prevalent idea among authors that they must punish most outrageously, which prevents them from develop fresh and interesting situations. However, it is scarc worth while to analyse his arguments for his true attitu is to be shown in the perfect sex novel from his pen, wh is soon to be issued to an expectant world, and which modestly insinuates is an ideal combination of tragedy humour. We can only say that if Mr. Keating shows as much ingenuity in his novel as in extracting a valu free advertisement from a fairly astute newspaper his should be worth reading. If it fails to score a success ever, the author should experience little difficulty in secur a lucrative billet as an expert in the Gentle Art of Adv tising. The Holland Park experts must look to th laurels.

* * *

A Bit of Lancashire in London.

Recently we passed a very delightful evening at the C Theatre witnessing Stanley Houghton's extremely cle Lancashire play, "Hindle Wakes." Doubtless you have seen it; if not you should do at once, if only for the delig piece of character-acting given by Mr. Herbert Lomas Nathaniel Jeffcote. However, this is not the theatrical col of this paper, so we pass on. Equally entertaining were of the remarks of the people in the stalls between the It is perhaps not polite to listen to other people's conv tion, but when they persist in talking loudly and author tively what is one to do? One lady had, at some distant in the past, actually had the temerity to visit Lancash Naturally she knew all about the County Palatine and inhabitants, and as her companions evidently regarded as a tremendous heroine for venturing her body in suc strange and distant place amid the uncouth savages, dig and delve in cotton, she proceeded to relate her "exp ences" to an awed little coterie of friends.

It was the experiences, the frame of mind which exp them and that which received them as gospel, that amu us so greatly. In the Lancashire town that was named (a purely "cotton" town, by the way) the lady heroine ne saw a soul in anything but a shawl during the day-time, never saw a solitary shawl during the evening hours. had visited a cotton-mill and gave a highly graphic diverting description of the processes required to turn floss into cloth, and she had taken note of the demean and behaviour of the semi-savages who make Lancas one of the richest counties of England, and supply a large proportion of the manufactures exported from t shores. Always she spoke of Lancastrians as of some stra inferior race. You may think all this is very trivial; it is more than trivial; it is typical of the attitude of average Londoner towards his fellow-countrymen who m the wealth of this great land of ours—an attitude whic responsible for the tremendous miscalculations often m by politicians, and also for the curious fact that the Lon Press, which imagines it directs the Empire, is often so a astray from the real mind of the people. What do they k of England that only London know?

Angry Purchaser: "You said he was good for rats. Why, he won't even look at them!"

Dealer: "Well! and ain't that good for rats?"

A little girl patient in a Californian hospital is descr as a "human hen," because she started to make a cluck noise when asleep "after a visit to hospital on accoun a broken leg." She was probably afraid some of the do would try to pullet Anyhow the American "special co spondents" seem to have done the trick with our Lon editors.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

d not the police tell a fine story of the nightly pere-ons of one of His Majesty's Privy Councillors if ared? And is it not time the good knight married ttled down? But would any really nice girl have him, e of his "Right Honourable"?

* * *

kleptomania is not confined to shops and stores. It becoming quite a common thing in private houses. g function the other day a well-known lady was requested by a footman to "step into another room." was her surprise when a detective quietly said, on me, but did you take up that small cloisonne vase dent?"

*

have just of a parson's aying given her fifteenth At the same are told he ced to his gation that he ound no time or visiting in erish. We think not,

*

much truth in the start-umours re-a young dy residing treet and a own London r, and will this Divorce autumn the in-neighbours?

*

the young-y lady who into com-retirement while? And t of a black e all things! er! What give the man?

*

didn't the girl marry us doctor Is he teli-truth when he wouldn't ecause her ould have continuous an other-y union? es that e refused everything over without any condition he wished We are inclined to approve of her action in the His money-grubbing propensities are too well-eed any repetition.

* *

es is very very quiet once more, and not a single been seen dancing the tango on the sea front at morning for quite a fortnight.

* *

ay Hamel is quite the hero of the moment. White isn't in it now. But then he's married. And not make a lot of difference really. Look at Lady nstance. We never seem to hear of her now.

* *

Society lady who taps out messages by means of code when playing cards may be decidedly clever and all that; but that one of these days she will be caught. And then there'll be another removal to a post in West Africa or somewhere.

* * *

That the conduct of a certain officer and a young married woman on a liner bound for the East was "the talk of the voyage." Well, even a big ship is a small place; and no doubt there was very little to occupy people's minds generally. We don't think there was anything to make a song about.

* * *

According to some women speakers hunger and thirst-striking, as practised by the suffragettes, has undoubtedly had a most wonderful effect in strengthening the mental and spiritual part of their beings. Maybe so, but it hasn't been conspicuously noticeable.

* *

Why does a certain pretty actress invariably wear *black* earrings?

*

The lady who travels about and puts up at the very best hotels accompanied by a male beauty doctor did not succeed in making herself less conspicuous the other evening when she tried to drink a cup of coffee through the meshes of a white veil. We gather that the beauty doctor can spot a fool as quickly as anyone.

* *

It has leaked out that a certain man-about-town, much given to elaborate entertaining, buys quantities of cheap cigars and has them carefully placed in boxes that have at some time been filled with expensive brands. Very low down indeed.

* *

That the wife of a well-known barrister was seen to give the glad eye to a handsome actor in a much frequented restaurant the other afternoon while tea was being dispensed.

* * *

That at Roehampton things are rather quiet for the moment. That it may only be the calm before the hurricane. One never knows.

* * *

That the dowager countess was present in person at the funeral of the much respected agent; and that was the reason why the Earl was amongst those unable to attend.

* * *

Is it not pretty generally acknowledged that from what we see in some of our West-End theatres, it will not be long before we shall all be in the Garden of Eden again?

Tommy (who has just been put to bed and is cudgelling his brains for questions to keep his mother with him): "Mother, how was it I first met you?"

TOMPKINS AND A TOP HAT.

He exuded a strong suggestion of pickled onions, this alternating with the savour of a druggist's shop. The two odours strove for supremacy, but so sharp was the struggle that it was difficult to decide which won on points. Neither was knocked out. The owner of the exhalement was Mr. Augustus Tompkins, on whom I had not clapped eyes since we were boys—unmeritorious boys—together.

I met him as he was pacing up and down and in and out and round about Waterloo Station, with an obvious sense of his own importance, and in his hand a not so equally obvious something which looked like a sandwich case.

"How are the wheels of life spinning around you?" he asked, as he held out a knuckley hand.

"Fairly well," I answered. "How are they jogging along with you?"

"On artistic rails. I'll tell you, for old time's sake. But, by the memory of the days when we went shares in a packet of Woodbines and tossed up for the odd one, do not abuse my confidence."

I put on view my solemnest cast of countenance, and convincingly assured him that I would be as dumb as the most speechless oyster.

"Well, I've just a few minutes before the Windsor train starts. For a week now I've held the position of premier picture-snatcher on the *Daily Panorama*. For some time I was condemned to attend the travels of the firm's two baby hippopotami—the charitable collecting dodge, you know. Awfully monotonous work. But, there, I kept my eyes skinned, and something occurred to shove me in the front rank. You've got to show enterprise nowadays, my boy. As Lord Southrocke said recently, the journalism of the moment knocks the antique methods into a shapeless billy-cock. Feel the pulse of the people, and give them the stuff they want. It was I who snapped Prince Henry as he emerged from the shop where he bought his first silk hat."

His face beamed with pride and his eyes glistened with exultation and gin as he awaited my recovery from the effects of the pronouncement.

"Who is Prince Henry?" I asked, calmly.

For a few minutes he regarded me with a pitying look as who should say, "How many of this description of lunatic are at large?" It was his office to recover the power of speech.

"The third son of the King, of course," he said, brokenly.

Merely mentioning that it did not necessarily follow that this prince should be any specially-numbered son of a king, I enquired which particular monarch had the privilege of being his papa.

"King George."

"Of Greece?" I am nothing if not inquisitive. I like to get at the bottom of things, even when they are tankards of bitter.

"Chuck it!" He was incensed now, and stooped to the vocabulary of the Old Kent Road. "Look here," he went on at aviation speed, "my people are bound to live up to their reputation for being first in the field with the pictorial presentation of important national events. My mission—not a word!—is to lie in wait for Prince Henry at Eton. The competition is keen. I caught him in his full scholastic rig-out, but it wasn't a scoop. However, I capped my previous triumph."

"Top-hatted it, you mean," I ventured to remark.

"Yes, perhaps so," he assented. "But I collared him armed *cap-à-pie*, as it were. And at the same time I took his tutor just as he was engaged in scratching his nose or taking a pinch of snuff—I can't say which. Here!" He got hold of an ear-lobe belonging to me and sought to discover the extreme of its elasticity. "We know that yesterday the Prince trod upon a worm, which probably turned. That worm is in safe keeping. We have bought all right and title in it. The spot where the incident occurred is marked (with customary cross), and I shall picture the creature in the act of turning. Smart—eh? Then, with my constant companion, my camera here" (he tapped the case which I had mistakenly thought contained his luncheon *en route*) "I proceed to the Eton tuck-shop, photo that, and snap the divinity who dispenses the toothsome trifles to the young gentlemen of the school, whose forerunners are popularly supposed to have won the battle of Waterloo. I shall be on the watch at all hours of the day, and hope to pinch the Prince when he purchases, and perhaps eats, his first Eton tart. Great gooseberry, with a scoop that will be! The twin brother of that tart will be transferred to the pages of the *Panorama*. . . Well, here's my train. Mind—Mum's the word. So long!" And he scudded down the platform.

Now, although many years have elapsed since w melled each other as boy-pals will, I do not for Augustus Tompkins decoyed from me the girl I She was ætat 13, but that is a detail. He tempted jewels, and behind my back threw around her nec tering necklet which must have cost him quite a Revenge is sweet. His rivals in picture journal hereby apprised of his cameraic purposes. They be so fortunate as to wrest from him the distinction ping the regally-pressed worm, but they will certai a chance of forestalling him in presenting to an expectant public a picture of Prince Henry's first H —or its replica.

HAL

OUR MODERN ECONOM

My wife laid down her morning paper and sighed soulful sigh. I realised that my attention was requi looked up from my letters. She leaned forward, nea ing her elbow in her saucer and overturning the te "There's too much waste in this house," she said fidential whisper.

I agreed, watching the tea gracefully meanderi the eggs and bacon.

"Would you believe," she enquired, "that a famil can be well and thoroughly fed at an inclusive eighteen and fourpence three-farthings a week?"

"No," I said firmly, "I would not."

"It is done," said Vera, earnestly. "It is the food w not the food we eat, that drains our pockets and dustbins."

"Very apt," I observed. "Why not work it in w

"This paper says that we approximately throw 5 and 20,000 chickens into our dustbins every year asseverated. She had a passion for statistics.

"Nice roomy dustbins," I remarked, thoughtfully, will scarcely hold even the few cats I manage to ki simply wouldn't get a look in."

"These eggs and bacon, for instance," she w "shouldn't rightly be here at all. A little réchauffé night's fish . . ."

We had left only the bones and the pattern on ou

Three days later Vera informed me with a triump that the household would in future be run on more e lines.

"I have spoken to Cuthbert," she said. (Cuthbe dustman.) "He is going to give me the choicest from all this road's dustbins."

While we were at tea that afternoon Cuthbert arriv a large dustbasket full of what he callled "select mum." He set it down on the drawing-room car looked at me for a shilling. I responded.

Vera sorted diligently. "It's curious," she observed cut her finger on an empty sardine tin, "that there unopened bottles of champagne. The paper distinc 'unopened bottles.'"

"Refuse all substitutes!" I said firmly, and lo Cuthbert for my shilling back. He ignored me.

Seeing that poor Vera was really disappointed, I her with some shrimp skins she was disentangling fro of old socks. She thanked me sweetly. "They ma excellent sauce," she explained.

Cuthbert gone, we made fresh tea. Vera was radi

"I shall really have to write to the *Daily Tub-T* about this," she said.

"Why not ask the editor to dinner?" I suggested ously. 'I'm sure nothing he ever ate at the Ritz or th ton would taste half so good to him as these dustbin

Dinner-time arrived in due course, and a di Anstruther placed the dishes on the table and withdr

Vera smiled across. "A little hashed crab's-claw with some of this delightful shrimp-skin sauce enquired.

I felt that the time had indeed arrived for the stroke I had planned.

With a gesture at once careless and debonair I pul my pocket-handkerchief. In doing so I carefully flic to the table the body of a sad-looking mouse which meanly purloined from its owner, our cat, not ten previously.

"I'm so awfully sorry," I exclaimed. "I would had you see it for the world. It was in the bot Cuthbert's basket."

I pacified the cat with hashed crab's-claws, serve shrimp-skin sauce.

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

ung and polite reporter entered the office of the r of a well-known railway company.
nderstand," said the reporter, "that there was an on your railway last night."
do you?" was the sarcastic reply.
sir."
you know anything about it?"
nly know that it happened to the train which was e at 9·30."
t train came in to the minute, sir," said the manager, ically.
you sure of that?"
tainly I am."
anks. That must have been the accident referred to," reporter as he hastily reached for his hat.

* * *

me, is your wife curious?"
ious? I really believe she came into the world only pure curiosity."

* * *

CONDESCENSION.

ess (angrily): How often must I call you, Bridget?
Servant: As often as yez loike, mum! Oi'm a bit but divil a bit shtuck up!

* * *

rge, why don't you come to dinner? What are you g, dear?" she asked, going to the grate and peering s shoulder.
e letters I wrote you before we were married."
u heartless wretch! I wonder if all men are so of sentiment. You ——"
m doing it in your interest, dear. I'm trying to fix so that when I die nobody can dispute my will on the of insanity."

* * *

as a beautiful summer evening, and he sat on the verandah enjoying a good cigar, while he waited for appear.
darling," she cried, as she descended the stairs, "I ome terrible news for you. Father has lost every-
, no he hasn't," answered the young man, rising to go, still has you."

"Come, Miss Liza, don't run away. There is nothing for you to be afraid of!"
"Then what's the good of me staying?"—*Pages Folles.*

Gibbs: Don't you think some of those modern dresses are rather immodest?

Dibbs: No; but I reserve my opinion about their wearers.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

ENVY.

"It is vulgar to dress so as to attract attention on the street."

"Isn't it!"

"I saw Miss Knobby going down the avenue yesterday in a gown which caused every man she passed to turn and look at her."

"Sure enough! I wonder who is her dressmaker?"

"I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me."—*Houston Post.*

* * *

Because a man keeps a steam-yacht instead of a sailboat it by no means follows that he can't raise the wind.

* * *

EXPENSIVE.

Young Man: I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make a suitable wife.

Lawyer: No, I don't think she would. Five dollars, please.—*New York Mail.*

* * *

TRULY GRAPHIC.

There was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney; "but he can't come up to the old one. 'Twas himself could tell ye all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it, you'd think he was bred, born, and reared there."—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

IN OKLAHOMA.

We cannot find it in our heart to condemn the two Oklahoma women who robbed a post office. The chances are that the poor lonesome critters merely wanted to read the post-cards.—*Springfield Union.*

* * *

AN INDULGENT LOVER.

Grace: I've had a lovely time. The flowers you sent were exquisite; the box of candy was delicious; I enjoyed the concert so much, and the ride home n your beautiful limousine was simply grand.

George: May I give you just one kiss?

Grace: Oh, George! You are too good to me!—*Montreal Daily Telegraph.*

* * *

TOO MANY DISEASES.

Insurance Doctor (filling in application): Ahem! Have you ever had any fevers? Ever had scarlet fever, hectic, rheumatic, gastric, typhoid, typhus, or yellow fever?

Mr. O'Hara: Eh? Phwat do you think Oi am? Wan of thim patint-medicine advertisements?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A PEACH OF THE SHOT.

Middleton: "It's the worsh table I ever shaw, but I've made harder shots n thish one!"—*Puck.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether the Prince of Wales will go to Gmunden as the representative of the King for the wedding of Princess Olga of Cumberland and Prince Moritz of Schaumberg-Lippe? And whether His Royal Highness will not soon be an authority on the marriage ceremony? And whether he foresaw the trouble that has followed the marriage of King Manoel and his German princess when he stood beside Portugal's ex-King at the altar at Sigmaringen?

* * *

Why Lord Lonsdale was selected to pick out the artistes who should appear at the Coliseum before Their Majesties in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital? And why his Lordship did not pick Marie Lloyd? Also Victoria Monks? Also Joey O'Gorman? And wouldn't Marie Lloyd being chased by the Sultan, or Victoria Monks putting "a little glimmer in the window," tickle the ear of Queen Mary without raising the Royal blush?

* *

And what it was that the famous comedienne said to Jimmy Sale, the Palladium conductor, when she got him out in the taxicab on the pretence that it was her birthday? And whether he stayed in the cab or got out?

* *

Whether Lily Elsie is getting along any better with Mr. Bullough lately? And whether she wants to go back to the stage? And whether her threats are likely to fructify?

* *

Whether Mrs. Pat. Campbell has not had the most appalling luck that could befall a once-successful actress? And whether she does not deserve better of the public—or the playwrights?

* *

Whether it is really a fact that M. Pegoud, when carried shoulder high at Brooklands, implored piteously not to be let fall.

* * *

No, "Benedict," the head-line, "The Plural Bedroom," which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* last Tuesday, had nothing to do with a Mormon establishment.

* * *

Mme. Adele Betonille, a Parisian lady, stroked the hump of a hunchback for luck in Paris the other day. The man resented the liberty and threw her into a pond. Now the lady has the hump and is bringing an action to straighten the thing out.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* correspondent asks: "Is it not a pity that in all the Strand there is not a shop where a woman can buy in a hurry small requisities for her toilet?" There is no such shop because there is no such woman.

* * *

"A partridge shot by a sportsman was wearing a wedding ring round its neck," says a newspaper. Like many another gay bird it had run its neck into trouble and couldn't get away from it.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

She: "But what does your mother say when you tell these dreadful lies.
He; "She says I take after father."

What the occupant of a bedroom in the Strand Palace Hotel thought when the dancing pump came flying through the window with a lump of coal in the toe?

* * *

Whether the cinematograph journal which advertises "The Stolen Necklace, 2,630 feet long," is trying to cap the recent "pearl" sensation?

* * *

Whether the fox seen on a cricket pitch at Cheltenham was there after the ducks?

* * *

Whether waitresses in a certain type of tea-shop are forbidden to wear engagement rings, and why it is that every girl in a particular shop in the city has suddenly taken to wearing one?

* * *

Whether the little lady who took off her yellow silk petti coat and tied it round the neck of her cavalier at the Covent Garden Ball last Saturday night had not had considerably more "fizz" than was at all good for her?

* *

Whether it is being whispered around that Miss Viola Tree (that was) is quite likely to make an appearance at a variety theatre this autumn, and that she has had a very substantial offer to tour the principal provincial towns singing operatic arias?

* *

The name of the golden-haired chorus girl who convulsed everyone at Romano's the other evening by suddenly exclaiming in the middle of supper "Oh, Lewis, I've got a flea; please catch it!" And what "Lewis" felt like when the waiter dropped a pile of plates in a fit of uncontrollable merriment?

* *

Whether the suffragette who has been arrested disguised as a man will take her punishment like one?

* *

Whether the "jockey blouses" for women which are to be all the rage this winter, will be carried out in fast colours?

* *

Whether the present activities of "cat-catchers" are to be explained by the fact that fur is to be a greater rage than ever this season?

* *

Whether Prince Arthur of Connaught has given directions for the whole of the wedding gifts, now being showered upon himself and the bride-elect, to be insured at Lloyd's?

* *

"Advanced Fashion" is the title of Messrs. Dickins and Jones's new clothes booklet. Are they advancing down the leg or retreating sideways?

* *

Whether Elinor Glyn is writing a book that she just achieved to get banned. Personally we have often wondered why some of her writings haven't received that distinction long ago.

* *

Why didn't His Majesty agree to go to the Anglo-American Exhibition at the Crystal Palace? And whether His Majesty's informants were not wise in their generation.

* *

And whether the Exhibition has not turned out a miserable fiasco? And where all the money that has been taken at the gate has gone? And how many legal actions are pending over the exhibition?

Hon Jack L—— is being packed off so peremp- India to take a post on a Government surveying If his recent behaviour at a certain North-country rty has had anything to do with it, and whether the d little *soubrette* still refuses to be comforted in papa's substantial cheque?

* * *

has announced that she will return no on her by the wives of officers serving in her mand, and whether some of the said "wives" ling particularly sore about it?

* * *

it is true that Bernard Shaw is to write the next Lane pantomime?

* * *

r "Pa" Payne hopes to have his new Tub, "The Lotus," ready for opening first or second week in November, and he has invited a nice jolly little party, from the Gaiety, to join him "over the on the first evening?

* *

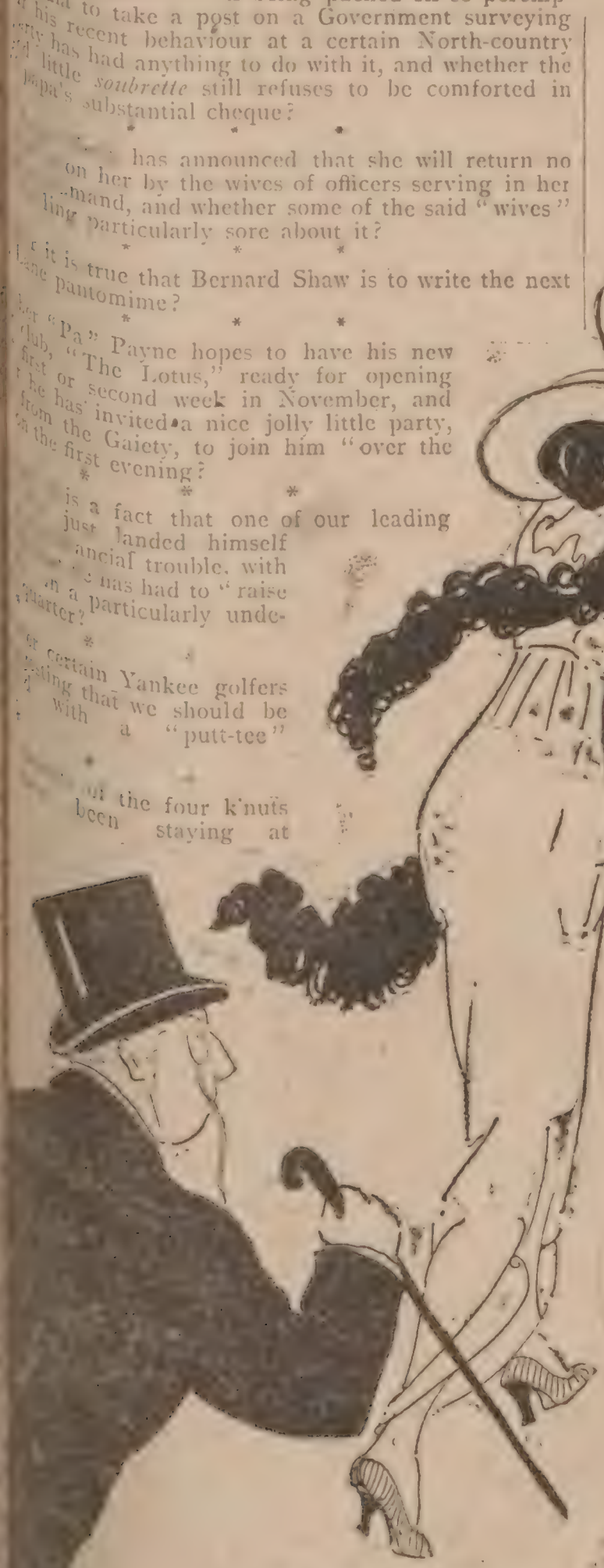
is a fact that one of our leading just landed himself ancial trouble, with has had to "raise in a particularly unde- quarter?

* *

of certain Yankee golfers esting that we should be with a "putt-tee"

* *

of the four k'nuts been staying at



had any suspicion of what was going on?

* *

Whether the Salome dancer who caught a severe chill the other evening did so because one of her beads fell off?

* * *

Whether the case of the actor who has cited the millionaire as co-respondent will, after all, be settled out of court? Whether the latter's millions have been the means of pouring oil upon the troubled waters, and whether a number of people are not feeling quite disappointed that the details will now escape publicity?

* * *

The truth about Jimmy Tate and the soda-water bottle, and why he always looks so sick now when certain of his friends ask him if he "likes paraffin"?

* * *

What the young man in pyjamas was doing on the fire-escape at the back of one of the hotels in the Strand on Friday last at about 2 o'clock in the morning, and whether it was merely a coincidence that the parapet below gave access to the room of a certain young American widow in whom he has shown a very close interest during the past month?

* * *

a Strand hotel last week and generally "painting things pink," and whether they have settled up their bills—inclusive of numerous charges for broken china, etc.—to the complete satisfaction of the management? Whether it is a fact that one of them is a famous airman and another the grandson of one of the greatest evangelists of modern times, and what the latter's parents, now conducting a biblical mission in America, would think if they

The name of the musical-comedy star who has declared her intention of being the "first woman to fly upside down," and whether the admiration she has been basking in lately from a certain ducal quarter has not already "turned her head" quite sufficiently?

* * *

If Miss Kate Cutler's little sketch, "The Pink Night-gown," isn't rather highly coloured?

* * *

Why the understudy of a certain leading lady went on at the last moment at a West End theatre the other night, and whether the truth about the incident is ever likely to leak out?

* * *

Whether the little Spanish dancer is now wishing she had kept her pet monkey under better control? Whether the fright which a certain middle-aged admirer received upon being shown into a drawing-room into which the animal had found its way has not considerably lessened her chances of one day wearing a coronet and reading her name in Debrett?

THE HOPELESS QUEST.

The man who tries to follow the ... tries to follow fashion.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Three Strikes in One Day"—*Daily Express*. How many cigarettes?

* * *

"Boys Hold Up a Train," shrieks a poster. When the police arrived, however, they dropped it.

* * *

"Adelphi Arches," declares a *Star* headline. Must have got its back up because it is still closed although most of the other theatres are open.

* * *

"Have you seen a portrait in stone"? asks the *Daily Sketch*. We cannot say that we have. But we have seen lots of portraits of people with very stony looks.

* * *

We beg to offer our congratulations to Second Officer G. Batchelor, of the Allan liner "Corinthian," for his conspicuous bravery in making public the fact of his having seen the sea-serpent.

* * *

"Cause of heat wave. Stale air arrives via the short sea route," runs a news par. headline. This sounds paradoxical. The shorter the distance from the source of supply the fresher perishables should be.

* * *

Harry Kemp, the "goods-train poet," and also the "soul-mate" of Mrs. Upton Sinclair, has embarked for England as a stowaway on a White Star liner. When he arrives here we trust he will be promptly shunted.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill describes the new type of war-vessels, destroyer-destroyers, as the eyes and ears of a fighting fleet. They should be also the nose of the fleet. Then they could scent the battle from afar.

* * *

"Teachers may strike," says the *Daily News*. When we were boys they always possessed that privilege; and although the effect was not altogether paralysing to the nation our individual anatomies felt keenly the *situation*.

* * *

An Ohio horticulturist has evolved a "crampless cucumber" which invalids will be able to eat with impunity, says a news par. They do have curious tastes on the other side of the Atlantic. We prefer ours with salmon.

* * *

An *Exchange and Mart* advt.: "Champion pedigree kittens; sensational coats and copper eyes." Fancy a man encountering one of these creatures on the stairs at midnight when all is still save the dancing of the hat-pegs!

* * *

A Cardiff youth who had been dumb for three years recovered his speech during a football match at Longcroft, Stirlingshire. It isn't the first miracle of the sort that has happened on a football field. We have often read of people finding touch.

* * *

An American doctor has discovered that whistling is good for the health. If, therefore, one wishes for this luxury one has merely to whistle for it. Incidentally we might add that, should this practice become general, the M.D.'s will have to whistle for a living.

* * *

Lord Willoughby de Broke declares that in the old days the House of Lords acted as a buffer between the House of Commons and the Monarch. That, of course, is the reason why it has long been the habit to send all the old buffers to the Upper Chamber.

* * *

Apropos of the Church Congress at Southampton, the *Evening News* remarks: "There is almost a touch of *wordliness* in the announcement that accommodation for motors will be provided." But then there always *is* a good deal of talking at these little affairs.

* * *

The Isle of Wight cow which had a difference of opinion with a railway engine, and incidentally derailed a carriage of a passenger train, has, it is understood, decided that its enquiry into the stability of railway rolling stock might more wisely have been carried out on other lines.

* * *

"Bo-bo," a Pekingese dog, which has disappeared from the Russian Embassy, says the *Evening News*, "is of a light brown colour and has yellow 'trousers' with black ears." We never provide our yellow trousers with ears for fear they should hear the unkind criticisms our friends make about them.

It is rumoured the Pegoud has decided to turn over a new leaf and go straight.

* * *

"Is Man Too Sensitive?"—silly season topic. Not until you touch him for a fiver.

* * *

"New Herb Cure for Toothache"—daily paper advertisement. The root of the tooth?

* * *

Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., thinks that Ulster's predominent tune on the eve of civil war will be "The Last Post."

* * *

"Blow at the Bachelor"—*Express* headline. Blowing breaks no bones, but, for heaven's sake, don't eat onions first.

* * *

No, "Anxious," you should *not* insist on your potatoes being peeled. It suggests too keen an appreciation of the nude.

* * *

At a recent eviction in Ireland we learn there were present, among others, the police, the fire brigade and the bailiffs. But have they no Boy Scouts in Ireland?

* * *

All ale to the peer who has married an innkeeper's daughter. The footlight fairies are relegated to the background row. Hurrah! for the peerage and the beerage, as we prefer the capital blend of Irish and Scotch.

* * *

When a broker comes home late on Saturdays without money and urges that "money's been very tight to-day," we understand that it is customary for his better half to say the air and murmur "and so have you."

* * *

Eighty Japanese amateur poets at Tokyo paid tribute to the memory of Kokinomoto Hitomaru, a poet who died a thousand years ago, by each reciting an original poem. Unfortunately for himself—and them—Koki remained dead.

* * *

The Rev. G. E. Body, curate-in-charge of a parish in Bury, is not on good terms with his congregation, who want to give him the order of the boot. They would rather he was buried anywhere than in Bury. Case where Body and Soul conflict.

* * *

Sir Alfred East, when a raw student, found his red [illegible] in oxide of iron obtained from the garden wall. Evidently a brick red. Somebody once said you can't make [illegible] without straw. Nonsense. The East [illegible] can be made of iron.

* * *

Mrs. Dora Funke was arrested at Denver [illegible] wearing in the street a skirt slit on both sides [illegible] bows tied just below her knees. A blue [illegible] passed muster, but to make the populace see red [illegible] a little too far, even for Colorado.

* * *

Father Vaughan has declared the Catholic [illegible] the Lord of Greeba's much-discussed novel. "I [illegible] Thou Gavest Me," to be deadly dull nincompoops. On hearing this dictum Mr. Caine, with his super-Chandos Shakespearean expression, scornfully exclaimed "A Vaughan scoffer!"

* * *

When we read the headline in the *Standard*, "Novel Fare Teas," followed by the second headline, "Novel Fare at Queen's Theatre," we expected to find a description of a new kind of cake. The third headline, "A Merry Afternoon," however, showed us that "fare" was obviously a misprint for "fair"!

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of [illegible] drawings which have appeared in this journal, we [illegible] necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures [illegible] may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the [illegible] which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyright do so at [illegible] who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at [illegible] peril.

THE TRIALS OF A MANNEQUIN

What happens when two customers simultaneously want to see what the material is like.

WIT AND WISDOM.

...ount, but sometimes they get mixed up in ...

* * *

...weds and runs away, may love to wed another ...

* * *

...a man's illusions come out with his hair.

* * *

...a puny little man has strength sufficient to raise ...

* * *

...a smart man who only makes mistakes at the other ...

* * *

...e used to set out for a life's journey on the sea ... many of them are satisfied with a short ...

A woman is awfully disappointed when her worst suspicions fail to come true.

* * *

A girl is never contented until she acquires a husband. After that her discontent may become chronic.

* * *

A talkative wife maketh a silent husband.

* * *

Many a man's wishbone is where his backbone ought to be.

* * *

Never judge the value of an article by the price asked for it.

* * *

We often wonder if some self-made men do not suffer from remorse.

* * *

Wise is the man who puts his ears on the job and gives his tongue a vacation.

IN STAGELAND.

Sir Herbert Tree, in a characteristic speech delivered at the farewell luncheon to Mr. Cyril Maude at the Adelaide Galleries prior to the latter's Canadian tour, was wistfully recalling the fact that he had rejected plays, submitted to him in the first place, which had found immediate and prolonged success in neighbouring theatres. Now, Sir Herbert is a master of satire and one can never tell exactly where statement of interesting fact ends and discreet and dignified leg-pulling begins. Thus, up to the above point in his speech his information was standard guidance for even the best theatrical brains in the country. He continued, however, in exactly the same vein, to inform the world that he had reluctantly turned down "Peter Pan" because the title rôle was not suited to his own capabilities.

GUS ELEN AS THE GARDENER.

* *

And the *Daily News* and other influential units of the contemporary press commented with serious earnestness!

* *

I have now a first-hand tribute for Mr. Bushel, the eminent artist who has done more than any man alive to elevate the commercial art of poster-designing to its present high plane. Sir Herbert was directing some small improvement in "Joseph and His Brethren," and in expressing his satisfaction with the result, added " . . . in order that we may the better live up to our posters." Appreciation so valuable and so just withal, that it were indeed a pity not to publish it!

* * *

Miss Kate Cutler has been appearing at the Tivoli in a sketch called "The Pink Nightgown." It is very improbable: full of divorce, situations tactfully arranged by a stolen key, Lords and Ladies, policemen, and a pink nightgown. This latter is really bewildering. It is clean out of its environment at the Tiv. I thought that pyjamas were the inevitable, theatrically speaking, everywhere now; more particularly on the Syndicate halls. A nightgown, forsooth, is a badge (per contra) of staid respectability—the garment of old-maidenly reserve and decorum. How then, Mr. Tozer, do the Peerage (and the Tivoli peerage) come to affect such a garment? My sister informs me—(I *do* wish I knew more of these things; my early Puritan training has left ineradicable traits!)—that only servants and children wear pink nightgowns. It is all harmless and solid good humour, so we should see more of it.

* * *

Miss Kate Cutler, however, must now join Mr. H. B. Irving at the Savoy for the production of "The Grand Seigneur," of which more anon.

* * *

Two important little units of this big variety world of ours have shown a very great improvement in the course of a few months. Jen Latona's act used to be mildly humorous and perhaps a little flagrant. Now she has blossomed into a musical star comedienne of first-rate ability. All the old faults have gone and she is beginning to suffer from one of the inevitable symptoms of success, i.e., "the sincerest form of flattery" by minor artists of limited originality.

The other is Mr. Arnold Richardson, with his "Fe[illegible] Ma-in-Law." Here is that rare combination of a very good sketch, well acted by a sound "conversational" comedian. Of quieter humour, and with a less staccato appeal from Fred Emney's "A Sister to Assist 'Er," it nevertheless just as thoroughly merits permanent presentation if Mr. Richardson has courage to resist the appeal of fresh material.

* * *

Lord Willoughby de Broke is to be the next [illegible] of the O.P. Club. Lord Howard de Walden's year of presidency has achieved for the club substantial and permanent benefits which should be still further strengthened under Lord Willoughby's guidance.

* * *

Poor Pelissier! In a very cheery note scribbled from the Palladium some months ago he told me that things would soon be humming again at the Lyric, when fresh agreements could be arrived at. I have always had a strong inclination to the thought that there, and there alone, the Follies found their certain touch. The informal chat, and leg-pulling little speech in front of the curtain before each episode, which always comprised a great and welcome attraction at the Lyric, never got over the footlights at all at the big variety halls. The reason, I am afraid, [illegible] intellectual divergence of the two [illegible] seeking public.

* * *

Mr. Dan Everard will control "The Follies" from [illegible] onwards. A London tour will commence at the Coliseum on November 3rd.

* * *

A gentleman writing in "The Performer" observes: "If some portion of my copy will cause 'a sensation' I am managers." Good! I wish him similar luck.

* * *

I am sadly afraid that Mme. Lydia Yavorska is not cutting much ice at the Ambassadors. This is a pity, for the [illegible] "I Love You!" is really quite good stuff, and [illegible]

A "SIDE SHOW" AT THE PALLADIUM.

some very amusing lines. To [illegible] support she receives is not quite up to the mark, [illegible] of the men being much inclined to overplay [illegible]

W. R. C. K.

THE DUCHESSE DE POLIGNAC.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 23.

HOW AN INFATUATION FOR A MAN DISRUPTED THE FRIENDSHIP OF TWO GREAT WOMEN, HELPED ALONG A REVOLUTION AND ENDED UPON THE GUILLOTINE.

...sses shoot themselves through love, as they do ... twentieth century, we are impelled to illustrate how ... factor is an infatuation in other directions. This ... that of Marie Antoinette's affection for Madame de ... and the love affair that caused its disruption. If ... Gabrielle de Polastron had never crossed the path of ... French Queen, how differently history might have ... started life with the dangerous asset of ... She had that unusual combination, a skin of ... flaxen hair; a natural rose blush on her ... dark eyebrows. Thick dark eyebrows on a ... woman always give her a distinction which ... tion, and when they are allied to perfect features, ... and carriage, and a natural sweetness of character, ... them is generally marked out for "a career!" ... Yolande de Polastron. Little, however, could she ... what Destiny intended her to play. Had she ... knowledge of it she would probably have ... order to escape the greatness to which she was ... Greatness isn't always happiness.

...riage of Yolande de Polastron.

... de Polastron was the daughter of a noble family of ... Her parents were poor, but proud. Their daughter's ... with admiration while she was still in her teens ... a neighbouring family of equal rank early sought ... hand, before she had time to decide who she ... she had become the wife of Count Jules de ... The change was to Yolande merely from one old-... tattered French chateau to another of the same ... Adapting herself to the life, Yolande settled down happily ... her young husband, and might have lived and died ... in rural France but for the ill-fated beauty ... herself. It happened that Yolande's husband ... a very smart young lady, who had gone to Paris ... shining in the Court. The Polignacs were always ... an ambitious race, and Diane de Polignac had ... graces in ample degree. When her brother and his ... went upon their annual trip to Paris, she ... already had a place at Court, not a little proud ... her sister-in-law was as handsome as any woman who could ... take place even in the environment of a lascivious ... Court. De Polignac was, however, little prepared for ... the sister-in-law's appearance at Court was to

...Result of Yolande's Appearance at ...ersailles.

... Yolande's first appearance at Versailles, ... new to her surroundings, full of life and ... yearning for a friend in whom she could ... Such a woman is not easily found in any ... surroundings are not conducive to frank ... Marie Antoinette had long looked for such ... and looked in vain. When, however, Diane de ... introduced her sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette found ... the presence of a woman who was not merely ... beautiful, but seemingly totally unconscious of it. ... Antoinette was spellbound. This woman, almost rustic in ... was as shy as a child of ten; as sensitive as a ... as unaffected as a milkmaid; as sympathetic to ... of human emotion as a young mother; and her soul seemed to expand under the influence of friendly advances as the lily opens to the sun's rays. Here, at last, was the friend whom the sad young Queen had yearned for. Yolande de Polignac never returned to the chateau! From that meeting she found herself not merely a lady of the Court, but almost the idol of the Queen of France.

The Queen's Capitulation to Yolande de Polignac.

A post was found at once for Yolande's husband amongst the entourage of the Monarch, and Yolande became installed as the first lady in the land after the Queen herself. That is, so far as Royal favour went, for nothing that the Comtesse de Polignac wanted did she lack. The handsomest apartments in the palace were at her disposal; her equipages were the smartest in all France; her jewels rivalled the Queen's; nothing must be done without the advice of this glorious woman, with the beauty of a Venus and the wisdom of a Solomon! The poverty of the Polignacs suddenly changed to Crœsus-like affluence. Half the nobility of Paris were green with envy of the lucky young Comtesse de Polignac, and the tongue of scandal tried hard to fasten some stigma upon her. But it tried in vain, for, strange to say, Yolande de Polignac kept her head amidst all this overwhelming success. Nobody ever found her "off her guard."

Her very innocence disarmed suspicion. No secret of Marie Antoinette's ever leaked out from the repository of Madame de Polignac's boudoir. And amidst all her glory, Yolande seemed ever secretly yearning for her old life amidst the rich orchards of her native shire. She had all that the world could give her, and was satisfied, but quite willing to give it all up whenever the Queen desired. With such an unambitious friend, Marie Antoinette was dumbfounded. At the least touch of jealousy Yolande offered her resignation of her position to Marie Antoinette, and prepared to return to the vineyards. Marie Antoinette fell helplessly upon Yolande's neck, and implored her to stay. Nothing should be withheld from her. She had but to ask and to receive.

Nothing too good for the Polignacs.

Never was there such a complete capitulation of a Queen to a subject as that of Marie Antoinette to the Comtesse de Polignac. When the Comtesse presented her husband with a son, the whole Court was moved to Plassey so that the Queen should not be separated from her friend. To the child the Queen of France performed the offices of a nurse, and could not have been more devoted if the infant had been her own. In her state of infatuation, Marie Antoinette constantly solicited Madame de Polignac's consent to reward her family and her relations with higher degrees of nobility, and for a long time Yolande withstood the Queen's requests. Eventually, however, she had to give way, and ere long Yolande's husband blossomed into the "Duc de Polignac," and an income proportionate to his increased dignity. All the creditors of the Polignacs were quickly paid off, and the family started life afresh. The Duc was given high preferment in the state, and a splendid estate, which produced an income of seventy thousand livres a year. As Director-General of Posts, he began to play a part in the Government fo France, and the Queen seemed only really happy when she was adding to the prestige and wealth of the Polignacs.

An Infatuated Queen.

Needless to say, such sudden and unmerited affluence soon aroused the keenest jealousy of the old families of France, and when the Revolution that ended with Marie Antoinette's head

on the guillotine began to gather, it was against the luxurious Polignacs that the strongest execrations were launched. The Polignacs, however, continued to go along the broad road of aggrandisement. Yolande was now the mother of grown-up children. The passage of the years made no difference in the Duchesse's good graces with Marie Antoinette, except to increase the bonds of their friendship. At last the Duchesse's eldest daughter became engaged to the Comte de Guiche, and nothing would satisfy Marie Antoinette but that the bridegroom must also be be-duked, and rewarded with a dowry with his bride of eight hundred thousand livres. France was amazed that its Queen could be so foolish, when the people were suffering from agricultural depression, and starvation stared thousands in the face.

The Polignacs were now regarded as a national menace, and threats were daily offered them of assassination. But they were too prosperous to see the approach of the storm. Had they had the sense of Yolande, they would have perceived that their good fortune was bound to make an army of enemies; but, basking daily in the smiles of the Queen, they were blinded to their destiny. For a while nothing was too good for them. The Duchesse de Polignac's sister-in-law, who had originally introduced Yolande to Marie Antoinette, became a Countess in her own right; another obscure Polignac was made Ambassador to Russia; a curé of the family became a Bishop, and an aunt of the Duchesse de Polignac's became a happy pensioner with six thousand livres a year. But the luckiest of all was the new Duc de Guiche, who had married Yolande's daughter. Henceforth he figured as an almost regal personage in the state with money from a dozen sources.

The Meeting with the Comte de Vaudreuil.

Just about this time Marie Antoinette took up with the new sport of horse-racing, which had just been introduced from England. The Queen, who always went about magnificently dressed, incredibly coiffed, and excessively jewelled, drove down to the Bois de Boulogne every day to the races in great style. With her she always had Madame de Polignac, who, in contradistinction to the Queen, dressed with subtle simplicity, and disarmed even her enemies by the quietness of her attire. Bit by bit the cavillers who used to say that she was robbing the Treasury, now exclaimed that she was ruining the dressmakers. At the racecourse the Duchesse de Polignac met the man who was destined to ruin all her life's work. No woman ever enjoyed such remarkable royal favour for so long a period as Yolande, and now, in a moment of sloppiness, she was to spoil everything. The Comte de Vaudreuil was no beauty, either. A pock-marked Creole, he had, nevertheless, fascinating manners, and a wonderful wit. A born intriguer, he saw that the friendship of the Duchess de Polignac would be the making of him, and he no sooner perceived the effect of his conversation upon the Duchesse, than he set himself to become her lover. And he succeeded.

The beauteous woman who had through a whole generation kept the friendship of the fickle Queen now proceeded to make the mistake of her life. Against her desire, she had been made Governess of the Royal children, the highest office a woman could hold in the state, and one of the closest intimacy with the Royal house. At Versailles she held a salon of her own as glittering as that of the Queen herself, and all who had anything to gain from the state flocked to her parties. Amongst these was soon numbered the Comte de Vaudreuil. Soon his visits were not merely ceremonious ones, on occasions of soirées and routs. The time came when the cool-headed Duchesse de Polignac so far forgot her rôle as to grant the artful and designing Comte private audiences. Soon they drove out together; and soon the affair had become a brazen scandal for all Paris to gloat over. The Duchesse de Polignac was riding for a fall. Hitherto her great friendship with the Queen had existed because the Duchesse was undivided in her allegiance. The time had now come when the Queen found that, whatever happened, the Comte de Vaudeuil had to be taken into account. The Queen's gorge rose at this. She saw through the Comte; she understood the motives that prompted his actions. But Yolande was in love with him. Nothing then mattered but that he should rule her life. All the pent-up passion of the years was laid at the feet of De Vaudreuil. She became his slave. Ministers and Ambassadors were compelled to grovel to the Comte, for progress was impossible without his friendship.

The Parting of the Ways.

And the Comte began to grow rich. The favours that Yolande had over and over again refused for her own relations she now eagerly solicited for the presumptuous Comte, until his pockets were bulging with fortunes, and no high office in the state was too dignified for him to fill. At last the storm burst in the Royal *ménage*. The Duchesse de Polignac asked the Queen to make the Comte de Vaudreuil Governor to the Dauphin. This the Queen reluctantly refused, and the Duchesse de Polignac, presuming too far, turned upon the Queen with reproaches on account of her alleged ingratitude. Thus the two friends parted. It was the most dangerous period of French history. The Revolution was now ripe. It wanted only the torch to light up the fires of murder and rapine. The efforts of the rascally Cardinal de Rohan to gain the favours of M... through the medium of the famous diamon... the torch in its train. France believed that M... was what the wretched Cardinal represented ... storm burst just as the Queen and ... had quarrelled. While the mob shouted for ... Polignac family, who were now in hiding, Marie A... strong in her love for the Duchesse, went bravely ... up the quarrel.

Seeking the Duchesse in her hiding-place, she told her of ... danger, and gave her advice how to fly from Paris, and ... her life. Infatuated Marie Antoinette may have been, perha... fool; but staunch and true, even in her most angui... affronted hour, she certainly was ... the woman who ha... much cause to stand by her to ... The Duch... was mollified by the Queen's ... fury of the mob, and, throwi... she besought her forgiveness, and ... from the impending *dibâcle*. ... Antoinette but that her friend ... carriage arranged for by the Queen ... for the South of France, the Queen ... hand this parting note: "Adieu, most ... terrible is this word! But it is necessary! Ad... strength left to embrace you!—Your heart-broke...

The Deaths of Marie Antoinette and the Duch... de Polignac.

Day by day the Polignacs continued their journey ... while all France seemed to be clamouring for their bl... Sens their carriage was surrounded by a horde of mu... "Are the Polignacs still with the Queen?" shouted one ... thirsty ruffian. "The Polignacs," replied the Abbe de Pal... with studied coolness: "Oh, they have left Versailles lo... Those vile creatures have been disposed of!" Thus out... the murderers allowed the equipage to pass, and it safely c... the frontier into Switzerland. Eventually the hunted Du... de Polignac found rest in Venice, only to learn that her d... friend, Queen Marie Antoinette, had perished on the s... The news broke the Duchesse's heart. She lingered for ... weeks, and then died, with the name of Marie Antoinette ... her lips.

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DERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

eps too early to congratulate Sir George Pragnell that "the split" in the football world has been an end, and that the Football Association and the F.A. have, after six long years, decided to bury and smoke the calumet of peace. It seems too true, but this time I fancy it will be brought to

HAMPTON OF ASTON VILLA WHO MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE TODAY SINCE HIS SUSPENSION BY THE F.A

long time the clubs and players under the the A.F.A. have been discontented with existing The 'Varsities could not get matches with foemen their prowess, and their skill in "Soccer" what time hockey made headway on the banks and the Cam. The Corinthians were in worse They made a pretence of playing matches and utterflies in holiday tours, but it must have been compared with the great tussles of former with the giants of the game in League footer. all ended, and that the big clubs will once more Queen's seems almost incredible. And in the are just as pleased that the famous amateurs be able to visit the League clubs at Easter and of yore.

many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," and perhaps affiliated to the A.F.A. will refuse to ratify the at between the two bodies; but that is we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. C. Wreford Brown, that prince of Ivan F. Snell, Mr. Charles Crump and who met and drew up the draft agreement, only requires confirmation.

badly wanted the reconciliation to take place jubilee festivities, which are timed for November. only those papers which give plenty of work to embers of the Council of the F.A. are to e present at the great banquet, but that is truth. It is certain, however, that one or two have much copy in their columns from F.A. have received invitations. And I know of several rnals of much greater importance which the present, been placed upon the list. It is silly little things that the F.A. does so badly. paper is willing to become tied to its apron so to speak, a semi-official organ, it is recog- papers of greater importance and bigger circu- preserve a more independent attitude, are boy- under what Lord Kinnaird thinks of this, or knows about it at all? The time is, however, when a man who holds the position of F.A. ll properly be barred from writing in the matters of football politics. Some of them journal- . I know; but others are not, and in nine cases out of ten they are doing the real workmen of the fourth estate out of legitimate earnings.

RUGBY INTERNATIONALS.

It is yet a far cry to the Rugger internationals, but there seems a very fair prospect of England being able to call upon nearly all the men who won her the triple crown last season for the first time in twenty years. One familiar figure will, however, be absent. I allude to Lieut. N. A. Wodehouse, England's captain, who is away on foreign service. This great forward is perhaps greater as a leader even than a player, as those who have donned the English colours in recent years will testify. His loss to the team on the field, and his advice to the selection committee in choosing men who are to endeavour to maintain England's supremacy against Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, will be severely felt. It is an old saying that one man does not make a team, but one man, by his leadership and advice, can weld a good side together, and make it a better fighting factor than a fifteen of brilliant individuals with no plan of campaign, and no organised system of play. Lieut. Wodehouse has all the qualities which go to make the born leader of men, and although in these days of peace it is difficult for a naval man to win honour and distinction in the service, there is no doubt that England's Rugger captain will be the same born captain of men afloat in the serious business of his life as he is in the field, when throwing his heart and soul into what, after all, is but a game.

SOME PROBABLE SELECTIONS.

Of the other great players who did such doughty deeds for England last year, it is pleasing to note that W. R. Johnston, full-back, is playing splendidly for Bristol already. Fancy Bristol beating Newport on the Newport ground! Of the three-quarters, F. N. Parr has donned the Leicester colours; R. W. Poulton has played for Liverpool; and V. H. M. Coates for Bath. C. N. Lowe will still be available as the Cantab is to be in residence again this term, and will certainly play if his services are wanted. It is understood that the two United Services half-backs, W. J. A. Davies and F. E. Oakley, will remain in this country, and if they are in last season's brilliant form, there does not seem much prospect of any other combination getting their places. It is doubtful if L. S. Brown, of the forwards, is going to stay in England; but King, Smart, Ward, and Greenwood are all playing already, and will form a fine nucleus around which to build up a similar pack to that which did such yeoman service last winter.

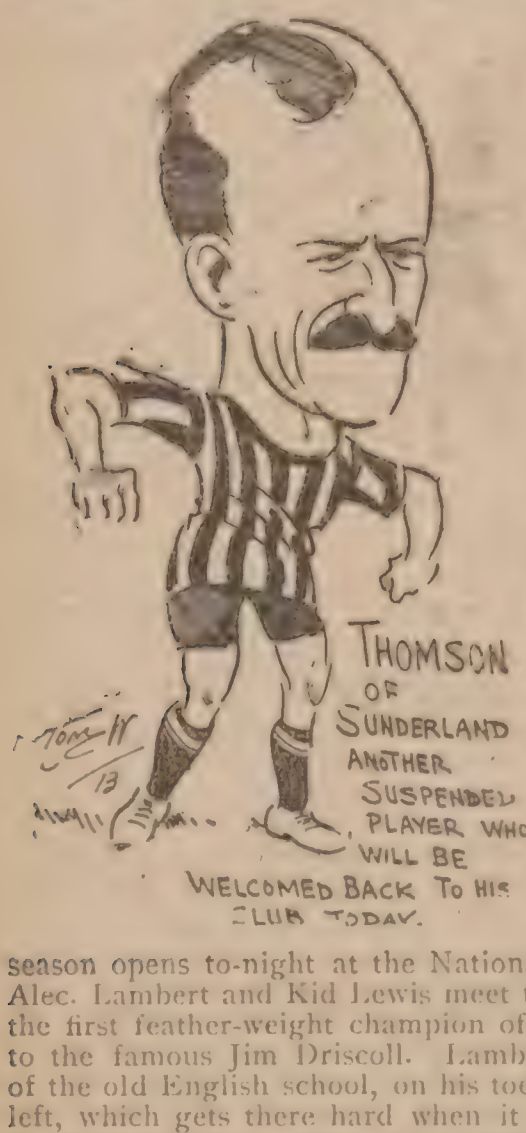
THE £400 GOLF TOURNAMENT.

By good luck George Duncan and James Braid have steered clear of one another in the draw for the £400 Golf Tournament at Walton Heath this week, and cannot meet until the final round. Duncan is playing so well just now that he is looked upon as the probable winner. After his bad luck in failing to qualify for the open championship, the success of the Stanger Hill man would be very popular. Braid has quite recovered the use of his eyes, the loss of which made him such a pathetic figure at St. Andrews. He said that in looking down the shaft of a club it seemed to split in two, and he was never certain of the line when putting. Duncan has been having a trifle the best of it with Braid in exhibition matches, and beat him by 2 and 1 as recently as a week ago, on the North Middlesex Club's course at Whetstone.

ABE
MITCHELL
THE FAMOUS EX-AMATEUR AND LONG DRIVER - HE EMBRACED PROFESSIONALISM THIS WEEK.
From a sketch made at the Open Championship

SCRIBES AT GOLF.

A rather funny story concerning two scribes is told. One of the pair is noted for the frequency with which he loses track of the ball altogether after he has hit it, and in this respect when playing without caddies, although a cheerful companion, he is a bit of a trial. Half-way round, the other day, an enquiry was made as to how the match stood, and the following amazing answer was returned, "I am 9 to 3." "What do you mean?" said the astonished enquirer. "Oh, I have found 'Smith's' ball nine times, and he has found it three times himself," was the answer.



THE RAY-REID TUSSLE.

From the detailed reports which have reached this country, it would appear that a row did take place between Ray and Reid in America, and of all things on the question of taxation of land values. Ray is said to have pummelled Reid, and Reid would have done battle, but for the interposition of a burly waiter, who hurled himself between the pair.

BOXING AT THE N.S.C.

The real boxing season opens to-night at the National Sporting Club, when Alec. Lambert and Kid Lewis meet to decide which is to be the first feather-weight champion of England in succession to the famous Jim Driscoll. Lambert is a beautiful boxer of the old English school, on his toes, erect, with a straight left, which gets there hard when it lands. He is inclined to be over-tricky in some of his tactics, especially against an inferior boxer, and may catch it napping one of these days, for he has a lot to learn before he becomes a Jim Driscoll. Kid Lewis is a more rugged fighter, but a real good one, and it is quite an open affair. If Lambert lasts the twenty rounds I think he will win.

JACK JOHNSON AND SAM LANGFORD.

There are strong rumours that Jack Johnson having failed to get a match with a white boxer will at last take on Sam Langford, and that in Paris before Christmas. If the conqueror of Tommy Burns and Jefferies is the same nigger that he was then, what a slam it will be. But he has been so long out of it, and has had such a variegated time that he can hardly be the old Johnson. And Langford has kept fighting fit for the day he could get into a ring with Johnson. As was the case with Freddy Welsh and the American lightweight Langford has followed the champion about on the off chance of getting a match, which Johnson didn't want.

RUNNING AT THE L.A.C.

An instance of mismanagement in sporting matters is forthcoming in the London Athletic Club's meeting at Stamford Bridge. C. N. Seedhouse, about the best quarter miler, was billed to attack E. C. Bredin's old standing 500 yards record of 58¼ a week ago. This record was made in 1895, also at Stamford Bridge, but on the old ground. Seedhouse ran the distance in 57 3-5secs., but runners were included in the race who had not been officially handicapped, and ran more or less as pacemakers. In these circumstances it is doubtful if the Amateur Athletic Association will pass the record. Seedhouse was one of those who went to Stockholm in 1912 with the brightest prospects of upholding the prestige of British athletics in the 400 and 800 metres. But he was never well out there, and did not do himself justice. That he is one of those Britishers who can hold his own with the best in the world, was made abundantly manifest by his latest performance. But then the arrangements made for the Stockholm visit were bad, and a lot of the men could not do themselves justice because the food and mode of life did not agree with them at all.

At the same L.A.C. meeting the famous Polytechnic relay team put up another wonderful performance in covering the mile in less than three minutes. The eight runners ran furlong each in 2min. 59secs., which is a record, and which works out at 22 3-8s speedy running, and means that some been covering the distance inside evens.

PEGOUD AND HIS RIVALS.

M. Pégoud's amazing antics in the air have a H. G. Hawker and Gustav Hamel to feats both announce that they will ere long fly the loop, and make S's, for the thrill those who find aviation at Brooklands and Hendon nerve-pulsating than the fastest races on motor-cars, is people have been known to go over the ba tops of trees. It is rather amusing to hear after examining Hamel's monoplane, stated not risk his life by being so foolhardy as to in it. For the purposes of speed the wings short at the expense of stability, and the pre the profession, which is rapidly becoming a circus it as unsafe. "THE CHIEL AMANG YE

OUR CODY FUND.

Our Shilling Cody Fund is progressing the hundreds of subscription sheets which ha out, only one has as yet been re the "Girl in the Train" touring generosity characteristic of the sent along 41 shillings.

We should be glad if all those who lists will make them up as quickly as possible have them back along with the money. We shall Fund at the end of October.

Owing to exigencies of space we detailed list of subscriptions. At the time of (several days before the date of this journal) the actually received was 2252 shillings.

OUR
Third Football Competition

It is a gratifying feature of our Football Forecasts Competition that ladies as well as men are sending in coupons. There reason why a lady should not be successful in securing

Big Pension Prize

which for the third competition has been increased to

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Not a single reader of "Modern Life" can afford to pass by golden chance. A Coupon correctly filled in will mean you dependent for life. In addition to the prize mentioned above, you 10/- A WEEK FOR 12 MONTHS TO THE NEAREST CORRECT 5/- A WEEK FOR 12 MONTHS TO THE NEWSAGENT and address appears on the coupon which is successful in the first prize. The coupon, together with the conditions, will also appear in our issues dated October 18th, 25th, and

YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Oct. 31st.

FOR COUPONS & CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE.

Plain Talk to Young Business Men.

Brains and business capacity may be level in two men, but if one of them is of insignificant appearance it is an immense handicap on his business career.

The Governor has two young men in his eye for promotion, both reliable, active, good style, and full of the details of the business.

Of the two, he rather fancies Brown, but, unfortunately, he is small of stature and puny. Smith is not quite so good an all-round man for the job, but he is a big, strong, manly fellow who can walk into any office or warehouse and command attention.

Five-foot-eleven and broad shoulders cannot be kept waiting as easily as five-six with a poor chest Result is, the hearty chap gets home, even if he is not quite so brainy.

If you want promotion, put your whole heart into the business, forget the clock, wear neat clothes, and **do your best to have height, breadth, and good health to put into the clothes.**

I can do the latter for you. By means of my special exercises I have increased the height and breadth and materially benefited the general health of hundreds of students in all parts of the world, and I shall send any interested reader letters from them to prove my assertion, with the full names and addresses of the writers. Space is limited here, but the following are two of many similar testimonies to the efficacy of my methods :—

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill), writes : "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes : "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

I do not ask you to make any drastic change in your diet, your smoking or your style of life, and all the time that you are required to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening.

I use no drugs and no apparatus, and my exercises are of such a kind that there is no possibility of overstrain.

Write to me to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my unrivalled system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

The Six-foot Specialist,

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

As I prophesied last week, the nineteen-day account is well upholding its reputation, as there is little genuine business knocking about in the Stock Markets.

* * *

The Home Railway Market is about the most stagnant, with the exception of the Southern Home Railway stocks, where some professional buying has lifted prices. There has also been some French buying of Chatham stock, and this is in favourable anticipation of the Channel Tunnel project.

* * *

Of the two, South Eastern Deferred are much to be preferred, as the net revenue from the joint system is divided in the proportion of 41 per cent. to the Chatham Company and 59 per cent. to the South Eastern, and whereas Chatham Ordinary are not receiving any dividend at all the South Eastern Deferred received last year 3⅜ per cent., so that any additional distribution immediately improves the value of the latter stock. On the other hand the Chatham Company must distribute £147,000 more than it did last year in order to pay 1 per cent. on the Ordinary, which is not likely to come about for some time to come.

* * *

Many of my contemporaries have been advising Mexican Railway Ordinary as a good speculative investment, but after the sharp relapse of last week they will perhaps discontinue advising them. My readers will no doubt remember that I continually warned them of the danger of dealing in this stock until the revolutionary trouble in Mexico is settled, and this is not likely to be until after the presidential election.

* * *

I promised last week to deal at some length with the position of the rubber market, but I have not been able to gather together all the information I required, so that the article on this subject will not appear until next week. In the meantime there has been no change in the position, for rubber is not realising any better prices at the auction sales, with the result that the share market is still on the droopy side, and I am strongly of the opinion that a good deal lower prices will yet be touched by many of the leading shares, which still stand at many times their face value.

* * *

All Yankees are lower, and as I hinted last week a reaction was to be expected, and I definitely advised readers who purchased Union Pacifics on my advice to secure the handsome profits to be obtained, which I sincerely hope they did.

* * *

I do not advise a repurchase of Unions until we have some definite information about the much talked of bonus, but on any further reaction in Eries they should be worth picking up again.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics are on the down grade again; presumably the bulls are satisfied for the time being.

* * *

Among Oil shares Lobitos have been in strong demand, rising to 28s. 6d. The recent buying is said to have been from a well-informed quarter. I think, however, the rise has gone far enough, and would not like readers to buy at the present time.

* * *

There has been a stronger tendency in Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares, insiders having evidently been averaging their holdings, whilst buying orders have been received from the Continent.

* * *

The Company is known to be earning large profits and at the forthcoming general meeting, when the Chairman will review the whole position, it is announced that the latter will be found to be much stronger than shareholders believed to be the case after receipt of the last circular of the Company.

* * *

In fact, we are unofficially informed that statements will be most reassuring even as regards the dividend outlook for the Ordinary shareholders. As regards the loss on the Pipe Lines mentioned in the circular of September 1st, it will be found that it is not a trading loss of last year, but refers to events prior to the date when this branch of the business was taken over.

* * *

Although Mr. George Tweedie, who is now in Maikop, reports that the development operations are progressing satisfactorily, I cannot recommend any of the Maikop description at the present time.

A small dividend has been declared on Kern River, which is a step in the right direction, and shows that the company is making satisfactory headway.

* *

There is a slightly more cheerful tone in the Rubber Market, but otherwise there is very little business doing, and the same can be said of the Nigerian Group.

* *

The traffic receipts of the National Steam [illegible] for the last nine days of September amounted to £[illegible], showing an increase of £2,458 as compared with the corresponding period of 1912. The receipts for [illegible] September show an increase of £7,030, and the receipts from November 1st to date show an increase of £50,871.

* *

Despite this very excellent showing National [illegible] shares record no appreciable gain, but I consider [illegible] worth buying at round about the present price.

* *

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

India 3½ per cent. stock at 88¾ yields £3 10s. per cent.

Cape of Good Hope 3½ per cent. Government stock at 88¾ yields £3 18s. 6d. per cent.

Queensland Government 4 per cent. Loan at [illegible] per cent.

Metropolitan Railway 3½ per cent. Debenture at 81¼ yields £4 7s. per cent.

The above are all full trustee investments.

* *

I shall be pleased to send the name and address of a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader who wishes to buy or sell shares.

* *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Novice (Droylsden).—I cannot advise you to buy these shares at present, but there is no reason why they should be so low except for the fact that there is absolute stagnation in the mining market, with the result that the prices in this section have been dropping for the last month or two. The mine has a long life, so hold on to your shares until [illegible] can see.

F.R. (Glam.).—I cannot give you any information [illegible] as the accountants have not completed [illegible] year ending June 30th.

B.P. (Canterbury).—For answer to your letter, see Novice.

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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

understood that Stornaway will fulfil both his engagements at Newmarket next week. These are in the Clearwell Stakes on the opening day and the Middle Park Plate on the concluding day of the second October fixture.

the Jester, who created a surprise in the Great Stakes by defeating Roseworthy, White Magic, and Pegasus, is to be put to hurdling. It will be remembered that his trainer, Withington, turned out the winner second, in Rubio and Mattie Macgregor, in the Grand al steeplechase of 1908.

Hardy, who was known to followers of racing as a jockey, passed away last Monday after being ill three days. In recent years Hardy was riding successboth over a country and on the flat on the Continent.

Stanley House establishment at Newmarket, presided over by the Hon. G. Lambton, is having a spell of rest. Following upon The Tylt spraining a tendon and her retirement to the stud, news is to hand that Steda slightly jarred his off fore-joint in a recent gallop. though this caused Lord Derby's horse to forego his enment in the Prix du Conseil Municipal, it is hoped he ave recovered sufficiently to tackle Tracery and Long the Champion Stakes on the opening day of the Newsecond October meeting.

week we have racing at Nottingham, Monday and ay; Windsor, Wednesday and Thursday; Kempton and Haydock Park clashing on Friday and Saturday. uke of York Stakes is the most interesting event of ek, and this is down for decision on the concluding the Kempton meeting.

al of the animals entered for the Duke of York Stakes een seen in public during the past week, and their then will be the best guide to their chances here. -weight, Junior, it is understood, will go for this race of waiting for the Cesarewitch Stakes. Mr. T. 's colt has been kept in good work since accounting for Chalton, At Last, Sailaway and Bowman in the Ebor Handicap. The last mentioned trio have all proved capable of winning since, thereby enhancing Junior's chance here. Last season's winner, Adam Bede, is a recent trial winner, but as I understand that his preparation is being timed with a view to the Cambridgeshire Stakes, I shall pass Mr. Winans' American-bred horse over on this occasion. Bachelor's Hope has often shown a liking for this course and holds a good chance. Eton Boy would enter largely into the argument if started here instead of being kept in reserve for the Cambridgeshire, which is more than likely. Light Brigade, who has not suffered defeat this season, is a certain starter. Lord Derby's Picton colt is making a first appearance in a handicap this season, but he has been kept busy annexing plates in different parts of the country. At Hurst Park in May he proved himself superior to Aldegond, Roseworthy, etc., and should not be entirely left out of calculations now. Thistleton has been successful in his last two races, and it will be remembered that at Ascot he beat Junior three-quarters of a length at level weights, although the last mentioned was interfered with. Mr. Hulton's candidate now has 13lb. the best of the handicap, but the top weight has made such great improvement that I shall expect the positions to be reversed. Florist is another improved animal, who at the Newmarket Second July meeting beat Thistleton two lengths, and as the weights are again in favour of the former he should prove the better of the pair. Grey Barbarian's only success this season was obtained at Sandown Park in July, and I prefer others. Ultimus has not been seen in public since cantering away with the Manchester November Handicap of 1911. Subsequently it was thought that Mr. A. Gorham's animal would not stand strong work again, but careful treatment by his owner's private trainer, Hackett, has resulted in the horse getting so well that he has been sent to Fallon to finish off his preparation It will be remembered that Fallon had charge of the horse when he ran previously, and I shall expect Mr. Gorham's candidate to perform creditably. Of the remainder I prefer Seremond and Cheerful. The former showed what a good stayer he is by finishing third in the St. Leger, and going strictly on that running should hold Aghdoe harmless. Cheerful's only outing this season was at

LEGER RESULT.

1. 2. 3.

Night Hawk, White Magic, Seremond

£1,000—G. W. WEBB, Architect, Market Place Chambers, Reading.

£200—T. SANDALLS, The School Lane, Cookham Dean, Berks.

£100—B. MARCHAM, 80, Westfield Road, Caversham.

The following drew Starters, and each receives £10 and a Gold Watch.

ARDA	Wm. McCarthy, 12, English Grounds, Tooley Street, E.C.
CURRAGH	Walker Botham, Tibthorpe, Driffield, E. Yorks.
AGHDOE	L. A. Pilgrim, 31, Plympton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
ROSEWORTHY	Thos. Rose, 44, St. John Street, Winchester, Hants.
BIRLINGHAM	Geo. Joint, Blackadon, Near Ivybridge, S. Devon.
TARLETT	Alf. Ashton, 78, Queen Street, Nanty Glo., Mon.
BACHELOR'S WEDDING ..	A. Lansdowne, 165, Hill Lane, Southampton.
LOUVOIS	Arthur Ebert, 17, Tarrant Street, Queen's Park, W.
JAMESON	Mrs. E. Bridger, 30, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

Subscribers drew non-starters and each receives a gold watch. Also, 3,200 consolation prizes value £2,600.

"Bull" said February 1st:—
"I have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from start to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely fair, square and above-board."

"Modern Life" said August 9th:—
"Mr. H. Diamond's drawings are all absolutely fair and straightforward. We are convinced that he is straight and honest."

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Doncaster last month, but then he could only finish sixth to Maiden Erlegh, G. P., Daly's, Prim Simon and Tuxedo. The last mentioned and G.P. also hold engagements here but as Cheerful is reported to have improved to a remarkable extent I shall expect him to turn the tables. Cheerful's only success was secured over seven furlongs here in September last season by a head from Oselle, who is also entered here, but is only allowed a 2lb. pull, which seems hardly enough to reverse the placings. As

CHEERFUL

has missed several engagements with a view to this race I make him my selection and advise an each way investment.

My other selections are:—

NOTTINGHAM—Monday.

Nottingham Handicap: Grave Greek.
Bestwood Nursery: Sandhurst.

Tuesday.

Sherwood Forest Nursery: Dress Circle.
Elvaston Castle Plate: Neville Holt.

WINDSOR—Wednesday.

Rays Selling Handicap: Don Alfonso.
Black Nest Handicap: Pantomime II.

Thursday.

College Nursery: Dolabella.
Thames Handicap: Orbina.

KEMPTON PARK—Friday.

Wick Plate: Agapanthus.
Half Moon Nursery: Dick Deadeye.

Saturday.

Isleworth Plate: Addenda.

HAYDOCK PARK—Friday.

Ashton Plate: Wild Ben.
Lowton Handicap: The Boss.

Saturday.

Park Plate: Chateauguay.
Saturday Handicap: Dusky Scout.

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E OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

eemed contemporary, the *Evening News*, this up a whole column with a signed article advising profit further by the example of their women-folk duce into their dress some sartorial subtlety that art a more vivid interest to their social life."

* * *

riter invites men to "look at the dresses of the day. They have carried the art of self-expression almost to the point of perfection. Never have their been so comely in line."

* * *

e urged to educate the tailor—who, after all, "is tist." "He is an artisan"—up to that "sartorial which makes the women of to-day a joy and the eyes of this subtle critic.

* * *

et us examine the subject. I agree with the writer men to-day carry the art of self-expression in clothes the point of perfection," but I do not know that see any of my own women-folk expressing themough their clothes so much, so "vividly," as I strange women do in the publicity of our main

* * *

dread the time when the "point of perfection" o above is reached. Then, I presume, £150,000 pearls and a parasol will form a full Piccadilly

* * *

dvocate of reform chortles that "never have dresses been so comely in line," but I fail to see young girl of to-day should be pleased to display ve and every shape of her multi-shaped body alike e of the mother that bore her, and of the passing

* * *

, these are points more for dressmakers and an for "Outer Man," but I should be glad to definite details of how the new tailor is to design ruct the new clothes for men.

* * *

ser legs to be left open at the knee with pearlies ent in fine weather and for use in wet weather? n-ups to wear Eton jackets, with pants cut close- the sit-me-down? Are evening dress shirts to be haped, opening in front down to the umbilical

* * *

diaphanous drapery now supplied to women by an modiste also to be utilised by men, and if so s, overcoats, or what?

* * *

would the *Evening News* kindly give us poor her column, with practical tips as to how, exactly, ail," men are to profit by the example of their in expressing themselves in their clothes, disvivid and comely lines."

* * *

t felt hat still holds the market, and rightly so, ainly is most comfortable wear, light in weight ing itself easily to the differing shapes of head. a short time ago that the London man would afraid to wear this hat as looking too negligé. is all changed, and it is worn in all places and on ns.

* * *

est variation I have seen in the production of the es in what appears to be a woollen material, with ching about a quarter of an inch apart.

* * *

hatters might produce some improvements in the the soft felt. It is not every man and every face well-curled brim with sugar-loaf crown is suit-

* * *

re three styles of this hat, the English, the Colonial American. The English is too "dudish," as a rule ble for a quite young man. The Colonial too big and too broad in the brim. The American too

* * *

been looking for the ideal soft felt hat, one with the above defects, and one which I can roll up and I have not found it yet. Hatters, please note.

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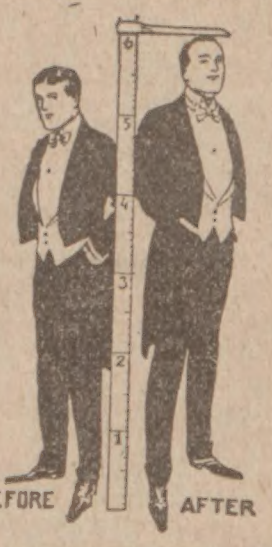

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WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 1st, and first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches on the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 1st. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 3 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, October 31st. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 3

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 1st. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
EVERTON	v. BRADFORD CITY.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v. ASTON VILLA.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v. DERBY COUNTY.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v. MANCHESTER CITY.
SUNDERLAND	v. BLACKBURN R.
BRADFORD	v. LEICESTER F.
BRISTOL CITY	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON O.	v. BARNSLEY.
GLOSSOP	v. HULL.
LEEDS CITY	v. BURY.
STOCKPORT	v. WOLVERHAMPTON W.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BRIGHTON	v. MILLWALL.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. PLYMOUTH A.
NORWICH	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
READING	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
WATFORD	v. MERTHYR TOWN.
GILLINGHAM	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

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"JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st stated: "Each sweep promoted by H. DIAMOND is absolutely straight."

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